

ENCOURAGING TEDDY

By Cosmo Hamilton

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

When two women are sitting over a glowing fire in the broad daylight, and one is married and the other is not, they invariably talk of two things—dress and servants. But when the light has faded, and the glow of the fire fills the corners of the room with dancing shadows, even dress and servants are left, and the conversation invariably turns to the other great stock subject: man.

"Of course, I didn't do it to be thanked; but I think you might have murmured one little word of gratitude to me for asking Mr. Carr down. I mean, ordinary politeness requires some attention even from you."

Eva looked up at Mrs. Clutton from a deep dell of hot coal which had been formed between the bars. "Thank you," she said; and then, added, "for nothing."

Mrs. Clutton was one of those long, slight, tired women who always dress to perfection, are never ruffled, never different, who are able to hurry while appearing to dawdle, to be exceedingly annoyed without the least apparent effort, to laugh heartily without making a sound, and to talk with great animation, without in any way disturbing the undulating, velvet drawl with which they are born.

"You might talk to me from now till the middle of next week," she said, "and then you couldn't convince me that you are not glad that I am here."

A laugh sprang across Eva's face, to be instantly hunted away by a sigh. "My dear Enid, I haven't the faintest desire to prove that I am not hopelessly in love with him. Unfortunately it is known to everybody in this world except the man himself. And the absurdity of the whole thing—the thing that makes me feel like half a tomato on a gridiron—is that he's just as much in love with me as I am with him, and that's a very great deal indeed."

"I don't see where the absurdity comes in. If you are both in love as much as all that, why don't you marry him?"

Half-tragically, half-comically, wholly in the manner—so far as we can guess—of a petulant angel, Eva sprang to her feet, and flinging her collection of cushions far and wide, commenced dashing about the room, greatly to its danger.

"Marry him! marry him! Don't I want to marry him? Isn't it my one ambition in life to become the wife of this silly, foolish, timid, wretched? It's all fine for you to sit there and say those easy, insane things; but I can't run away with the man, can I? I can't buy a toy pistol, meet the poor dear in a dark passage and shriek, 'Marry me, or you die!' I can't chase him into a conservatory, flop on my knees, and cry, 'Teddy, I love you with a love that is almost indiscreet; be, oh, be my husband, can I, can I, can I?' Eva caught one of the cushions a beautiful kick, and sent it flying against a whatnot.

"Not very well," said Mrs. Clutton. "But shall I tell you what you can and will do?"

"What?" cried Eva, eagerly.

"Smash my precious china if you kick cushions about like that. . . . The point is, have you given him any encouragement?"

Eva laughed the laugh of theater scorn. "Encouragement? Why, my dear Enid, I have done everything a nicely-brought-up girl ought to do, and a good deal that she oughtn't."

During that time, a matter of perhaps a minute and a quarter—Mrs. Clutton had been thinking hard, although it would have been impossible to guess it from the placid state of her features.

"Eva," she said finally, "have you ever noticed that picture painted on the panel over the bookcase, of a girl sitting on an armchair with her eyes cast down, and with her hands folded meekly on her lap?"

"No," said Eva, "and if I had, what on earth has she to do with my horrid problem?"

Mrs. Clutton undulated on: "The figure of the girl works on a hinge, and sometimes when my husband had got into a boyish scrape and wanted to hear what his father said about it to his mother, he used to get his sister to pull the picture back, and sit in the girl's place to report to him what went on. A dishonorable and very fascinating proceeding. A chair was placed behind the picture in the next room, the floor of which is on a level with it, and in this kind of light it was impossible to tell the difference between the real and the unreal girl."

"Now, don't you think—"

"Think! Think!" cried Eva, covering the permanently quiet Mrs. Clutton with kisses. "I should think I do think. Oh, Enid, you engineer! You want me to get into the picture; you want to bring Teddy here to see my new portrait; you want to leave him to say to me on a panel what he daresn't say to me in the flesh; and then, when at last he cries: 'Oh, darling, my beautiful piquant, little beauty, I love you so, if only I could screw up courage to ask you to be my wife!' you want me to say: 'Teddy, you infant, I'm dying to be your wife.'"

"How wonderfully well—"

Before Mrs. Clutton could get any further Eva mounted upon the bookcase, had pushed back the panel, caught up a chair from a corner of the little room which could just be seen through the aperture, and in a

twinkling had become, for the first time in her life, a quiet, meek little figure with downcast eyes and folded hands.

"How's that?" she asked, through a cascade of chuckles. "Are you certain you can't see my breathing? And do you think it matters if I blink every now and then?"

"Certain. The unsteady flicker of the fire in this dim light will make any blinking seem quite natural."

"Enid"—Eva looked down with suddenly earnest eyes—"if everything works well you shall choose whatever you like from my wedding presents. . . . S-s-a-sh! There's Teddy at the door. I know it by the way he clutches the handle."

Ten minutes later, after Mrs. Clutton had quietly led the conversation from comic opera to tobacco, from tobacco to Eva, and from that young woman to the new portrait of her above the bookcase, she asked

Teddy to excuse her while she went to look for her little friend, and left the room. Teddy had his back to the picture as the door closed; but in the looking-glass over the fireplace he was amazed to see a handkerchief flutter hastily up to the picture's nose, and flutter as hastily back again—amazed, infinitely worried, and full of wonder.

During the first quarter of an hour he stood with his back to her, gazing at her in the looking glass. From the corner of her eye, Eva watched him with a kind of tingling amusement, immensely flattered at the thought that even in the presence of her portrait—a mere thing of oils—he should still be bashful and diffident. The strength of his love must

be enormous! In a moment or two, she argued, he would realize that she was merely a picture, and come and stand underneath her to examine more closely the wonderful fidelity of the portrait, the exquisite skill of the artist; and then, knowing that she could not hear anything he said, he would utter about all those burning words he had bottled up so long. In a moment or two . . .

Feeling hot all over, his dense head in a whirl, certain only that Eva had got into the picture in order to make a fool of him, Teddy sat down in the chair by the fire to try to transform the chaos of his brain into something approaching order.

During the next hour he remained motionless, not looking once in the direction of the picture. To him, the hour was a minute. To her, sitting in the same attitude, hardly breathing, hardly thinking, getting more and more hungry, the hour seemed a week, a year, an eternity. She made up her mind that when he did think about she would snap her fingers in his face and tell him, in scalding, bitter words, that she loathed him, and that sooner than marry him she would die a thousand deaths.

"Good gracious! There goes the gong for dinner! Oh, how awful, how horrible! What will they think? . . . Idiot! Creature! Why—why—why—Oh!" she cried aloud suddenly, forgetting everything under the influence of cramp. "Oh, oh!"

Teddy sprang across the room. "What's the matter? What's the matter?"

Desperately concerned, Teddy stood upon a chair, lifted Eva down from the picture with the huge gentleness of a six-foot-three man, placed her tenderly in a chair, and knelt at her feet. Her eyes were closed. He was certain she was dying. "Eva, my little darling, open your eyes! It's me, the man who loves you more than all the world." His grammar became shaky, his heart stone, his breathing cyclonic. "Eva, my sweet heart, my beloved, look at me, if only for a moment, and tell me before you die that you will be my wife."

Of course, with the change of position the cramp had gone, and Eva knew that those symptoms were snares. She sat up coldly. "I have no intention of dying," she said; "and of course I will be your wife. But I think you are the most subject person I have ever been my misfortune to meet. . . . Yes, of course I love you, dearest Teddy; but think, think what you have made me suffer. The gong has rung and you don't know, never will know, how frightfully busy I am."

"Oh!" She Cried Aloud, Suddenly.

be enormous! In a moment or two, she argued, he would realize that she was merely a picture, and come and stand underneath her to examine more closely the wonderful fidelity of the portrait, the exquisite skill of the artist; and then, knowing that she could not hear anything he said, he would utter about all those burning words he had bottled up so long. In a moment or two . . .

Feeling hot all over, his dense head in a whirl, certain only that Eva had got into the picture in order to make a fool of him, Teddy sat down in the chair by the fire to try to transform the chaos of his brain into something approaching order.

During the next hour he remained motionless, not looking once in the direction of the picture. To him, the hour was a minute. To her, sitting in the same attitude, hardly breathing, hardly thinking, getting more and more hungry, the hour seemed a week, a year, an eternity. She made up her mind that when he did think about she would snap her fingers in his face and tell him, in scalding, bitter words, that she loathed him, and that sooner than marry him she would die a thousand deaths.

"Good gracious! There goes the gong for dinner! Oh, how awful, how horrible! What will they think? . . . Idiot! Creature! Why—why—why—Oh!" she cried aloud suddenly, forgetting everything under the influence of cramp. "Oh, oh!"

Teddy sprang across the room. "What's the matter? What's the matter?"

Desperately concerned, Teddy stood upon a chair, lifted Eva down from the picture with the huge gentleness of a six-foot-three man, placed her tenderly in a chair, and knelt at her feet. Her eyes were closed. He was certain she was dying. "Eva, my little darling, open your eyes! It's me, the man who loves you more than all the world." His grammar became shaky, his heart stone, his breathing cyclonic. "Eva, my sweet heart, my beloved, look at me, if only for a moment, and tell me before you die that you will be my wife."

Of course, with the change of position the cramp had gone, and Eva knew that those symptoms were snares. She sat up coldly. "I have no intention of dying," she said; "and of course I will be your wife. But I think you are the most subject person I have ever been my misfortune to meet. . . . Yes, of course I love you, dearest Teddy; but think, think what you have made me suffer. The gong has rung and you don't know, never will know, how frightfully busy I am."

"Oh!" She Cried Aloud, Suddenly.

ATTORNEY GENERAL GOES TO SUPREME BENCH



The appointment of Attorney General William H. Moody to the place on the Supreme court left vacant by the retirement of Associate Justice Henry B. Brown, has finally been decided on by the president.

TURNED HIM INTO A FREAK.

Young Man's Unfortunate Experience With a "Hair Wash."

There is a young resident of the upper western section of the town who is blessed with dignity beyond his years, and with a sister whose years, albeit these number but 24, are beyond her common sense, says the New York Press. One night, having an extra guest, and the sister being away at at seashore, Hinks occupied his sister's room for the night. Discovering on her toilet table a bottle marked hair wash, and thinking that perhaps his own not over-luxurious crop required attention, he applied the contents of the bottle liberally to his scalp locks, rubbing it in with thoroughness.

The following day, two hours before any business house opened its doors, an individual with a slouch hat pulled down over his ears and having all the signs of dementia went speeding down town on the subway express. Wild-eyed and incoherent he sought the establishment of one of the best hair-dressers in town.

He has repeated his visit to the shop every morning since that time and the specialist is slowly removing

THEN HE STOPPED LAUGHING

Wife's Simple Question Evidently Hard One to Answer.

Five young men went into a store to buy a hat each.

Seeing they were in a joking mood, the clerk said, "Are you married?"

"They each said, 'Yes.'"

"Then I'll give a hat to the one who can truthfully say he has not kissed any other woman but his own wife since he was married."

"Hand over a hat," said one of the party. "I've won it."

"When were you married?"

"Yesterday," was the reply, and the hat was handed over.

One of the others was laughing heartily whilst telling his wife the joke, but suddenly pulled up when she said:

"I say, John, how was it you didn't bring one?"

Pictured Hay Fever.

In Paris there is just now proceeding a reasonable discussion on hay fever, concerning which an amusing instance of the capricious nature of the infection is related. A lady was quite proof against catching the sneezings of hay fever from either hay or

SCHOOL TO BE ON HISTORIC GROUND.



There is one family in this country which intends to be a factor in its civilization for all time to come. It has planned to establish a free school, to which its own members will have preference over all other applicants. The endowment for this institution amounts to \$1,640,000. The school is to be situated near Windsor, Conn., on the 120-acre farm where Joseph Loomis, the founder of the family, once lived. His home, which he built not long after the coming of the Mayflower, still stands. It is said to be the second oldest house in the United States, and will be preserved as a museum connected with the school.

by occult processes known to his trade, the brilliant gold streaks which were so noticeable amid the jetty black of the remainder of the coiffure.

Whom Could He Mean?

I happened last evening to be talking politics with a physician—a good physician and one I trust, says a writer in the Boston Transcript. Presently he said: "Did you ever hear of G. P. I.?"

"Who's he?" I asked.

"Oh," exclaimed the doctor, "G. P. I. isn't a politician; it's a disease—general paralysis of the insane."

Then he explained that the malady begins with delusions of grandeur, that the patient thinks himself great, that he conceives enormous ambitions, undertakes colossal enterprises, displays frantic energy. Only, he accomplishes nothing.

A Suspicious Character.

"Jiminee! but Mr. Good, the candidate for county treasurer, is mad at you," said the foreman of the country weekly.

"What? Why, we gave him a great send-off in this week's paper."

"Yes; he says you've ruined him. You referred to him as a 'trusted employee.'"

—Catholic Standard and Times.

any other flower or plant except one. The mere sight of a rose used to set her sneezing violently. Knowing her weakness she carefully avoided these flowers, but one day she carelessly stopped before a still life painting representing a basket of roses. Almost instantly she was seized with a sneezing fit. Clearly imagination has its part in the case.

Ways of Bees.

There are about 5,000 species of the wild bees, all with interesting ways of their own. Among them is a species whose females are veritable Amazons and carry more and better weapons than the males. These are the "cuckoo" bees, which deposit their eggs in the nest of others, the progeny of both living peacefully together until maturity, when they separate. Then there is the tailoring bee, which cuts leaves with its scissor-like jaws and fits a snug lining of the leaf material into its cave-shaped nest.

Why He Wanted Her.

"Stop!" commanded Miss Nurox, with a disdainful sniff. "The idea of your proposing to a lady in my station of life. You ought to know better!"

"Well!" replied Mr. Hunter, "I do know better, but not richer."

FALLS 400 FEET INTO MINE SHAFT.

YOUNG MAN HAS REMARKABLE ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

IS GIVEN UP FOR LOST

Cries for Help Finally Heard by One of Rescuers and He Is Taken Out with Net a Bone in Boody Broken.

Pottsville, Pa.—Falling 400 feet down an abandoned mine shaft, Joseph Schroeder of Pottsville was rescued alive, after he had been virtually buried all day and all hope of his rescue abandoned. When examined it was found Schroeder had not even a broken bone. It was the most extraordinary escape known in the history of anthracite mining.

Young Schroeder left town in company with William Kalbach, to shoot pheasants. While pushing their way through the brush toward the mountain top Schroeder took the lead. He walked into a drift, lighted a match, and called to Kalbach to follow. Suddenly he gave a cry of surprise and attempted to step back, but the ground at the edge of a hole gave way with him, and he plunged feet first down into an abyss.

Kalbach hurried forward and he, too, almost plunged down the hole after his companion. Had he done so the mystery of their disappearance probably never would have been solved.

Seeing he could be of no aid to his unfortunate companion, Kalbach started down the mountain for Middleport on the run, and in a short time a dozen men accompanied him back with long lengths of rope. They went as close as they possibly could in safety and called down the shaft. Nothing but the echo of their voices greeted them. Then they tied a weight to the end of a rope and lowered it carefully into the black pit. It struck several times along the side of the jagged opening, but finally it was lowered to its full length, but the bottom had not been reached.

Men were sent back to town for more rope, and when they came back the attempt was again made, but again the end of the rope failed to

reach bottom. Messengers were dispatched to the collieries at Kaska and Silver Creek, whence experienced mining men were sent by officials with a long coil of stout rope. This was lowered and, although 200 feet of it was used, the bottom of the shaft could not be touched. Not a sound came from the black hole, except the rattling of the weighted rope.

Again messengers were dispatched for more rope. The boy's father also



Young Schroeder Plunged Down Four Hundred Feet.

arrived, accompanied by several employees of the shops. One of them, John Calloway, was lowered into the opening, and after going down 200 feet he heard cries for help.

Calloway was then hoisted to the surface, where he related his discovery, to the great joy of the boy's father. Calloway again went into the shaft, this time at the end of a rope more than 400 feet long. He found young Schroeder at the bottom of the pit and was drawn to the surface with him. Schroeder was terribly bruised and shaken, but no bones were broken, and he will recover.

WHALE PILOTS VESSELS THROUGH FRENCH PASS

"Pelorus Jack" Meets Steamships Going to New Zealand and Takes Them Under Protection.

Auckland, New Zealand.—Pelorus Jack is the name of the oddest pilot in the world. For 16 years he has piloted every steamship going through the French pass to the port of Nelson, New Zealand, with one exception. Pelorus Jack is a great white fish some 16 feet long, the only one of the kind ever seen in that part of the world, and a species not surely determined by the fish sharks. Some say he is a Ziphius, or white whale, others maintain that he is an albino of the ocean species, known to seamen as the "killer."

Whatever may be his scientific name, all New Zealanders know Pel-



He Meets the Incoming Vessels and Pilots Them into the Harbor.

orus Jack, and under that name he is protected by a special act of parliament. Some one shot at him once, and New Zealand arose in indignation and demanded that parliament take the pilot of French pass under its particular protection.

When Pelorus Jack hears, or otherwise senses, the throbbing of a screw, he puts out from Pelorus sound to French pass, and meets the steamship, and for several miles he plays around her bows and disports himself as if he were pleased to see the ship and everybody on board.

That is, unless the ship happens to be the Union company's Penguin. Jack will have nothing to do with the Penguin, and he seems to know her at a distance. One day he was piloting the Penguin through the pass, and getting too close in crossing her bow he received an ugly blow from her sharp stern the mark of which he carries on his side to this day.

Why Pelorus Jack accompanies ships through French pass nobody

knows. The Maoris say that once upon a time there was a pilot who wickedly and treacherously ran a ship up on the rocks and wrecked her, destroying the lives of many mariners. When the wicked pilot died, his soul was not permitted to fly to the North cape and plunge into the sea and journey to Hawaiki, as do all good Maori souls. It was sent into the body of the great white fish to do penance and reparation for a thousand years by piloting ships safely past the scene of his sin.

WILL READ FUNERAL STORY.

Unable to Attend Widow Will Get Detailed Report.

Pasadena, Cal.—One of the most novel and yet weird ideas on record has originated in the minds of Mrs. Edward H. Helman, widow of the man killed in the collision inside the Pasadena Electric Express building, and some of her friends.

It is nothing more nor less than a full shorthand and descriptive report of the funeral of Helman. This report is to be done after the fullest and most approved newspaper methods and the widow is to receive a copy of it for preservation.

The friends do not plan to have the report appear in the newspapers. It is designed simply for the eyes of Mrs. Helman.

Mrs. Helman is in delicate condition. Fearing the effects of a funeral, she will not attend the service.

The man in charge of the reporting arrangements is to furnish a stenographer to take down verbatim the funeral address of Rev. Albert Smith, while a descriptive writer will describe the scene and service as accurately as possible.

SLEPT FOR EIGHT DAYS.

First Declaration of Injured Man Was, "I'm Hungry."

Cleveland, O., Oct. 29.—Cornelius Shaw, a mail clerk, whose home is in this city, has awakened from an eight-day sleep in Chester, Geauga county.

He had been resting at the farm of a relative for several days previous to his long sleep, on the advice of his physicians, to recuperate from the effects of injuries he had sustained in a railroad wreck. He had been thrown against a table, and had suffered severe injury to his spine.

Nine days ago he was found lying in the barn of L. A. Halley, with whom he had been stopping. All efforts to arouse him were futile. Three physicians worked on the case, finally awakening him eight days after he went to sleep.

When he opened his eyes he declared he was hungry.

Fear Undue Competition.

The proposal to extend employment in the British civil service to ex-soldiers and sailors is bitterly opposed by labor leaders. The fear is that such men will be disposed to accept small pay in addition to any pension they may have, and thus reduce wages.